

The Historie of

Hotsp. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathlesse and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neate and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and took't away againe:
Who there-with angry, when it next came there:
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt:
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarfe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He questioned me: among the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold;
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad:
To see him shine so briske, and sinell so sweete,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the markes:
And telling me the soueraignst thing on earth,
Was Parmacitic, for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
This villanous saltpeter should be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour.
This balde vniointed chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

Henrie

And I beseech you, let not this
Come currant for an accusation
Betwixt my loue and your highnes

Blunt. The circumstance
What e're *Harry Percie* then
To such a person, and in such
At such a time, with all the re
May reasonably die, and neuer
To do him wrong, or any wa
What then he said, so he vn

King Why yet he doth de
But with prouiso and excepti
That we at our owne charge
His brother in law, the fooli
VWho in my soule hath wilf
The liues of those, that he di
Against the great Magitian,
Whose daughter, as we heare
Hath lately married. Shall our
Be emptied to redeeme a trait
Shall we buy treason? and inde
When they haue lost and for
No, on the barren mountaine
For I shall neuer hold that ma
Whose tongue shall aske me f
To ransom home reuolted N

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my souer
But by the chance of war: to p
Needs no more but one tong
Those mouthed wounds whic
VWhen on the gentle Seuern
In single opposition hand to
He did confound the best par
In changing hardiment with g
Three times they breathd and
Vpon agreement of swift Seu
VWho then affrighted with th